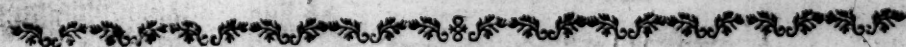


THE
VISIONS
OF
FANCY.



[Price One Shilling.]

V I S I O N S

OF

F A C T S



(Price One Shilling)

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THE
V I S I O N S
OF
F A N C Y.
In F O U R E L E G I E S.

By J. LANGHORNE.

Tutto e menzogna.

Metast.

La Raïson sçait que c'est un Songe,
Mais elle en saisit les douceurs :
Elle a besoin de ces fantômes,
Presque tous les Plaisirs des Hommes
Ne sont que de douces Erreurs.

Gresset.

L O N D O N :

Printed for H. PAYNE and W. CROPLEY, at Dryden's-Head, in
Pater-Noster-Row. M.DCC.LXII.

THE

Y I S I O N S

F A N C Y

M F O U R E L E G I S

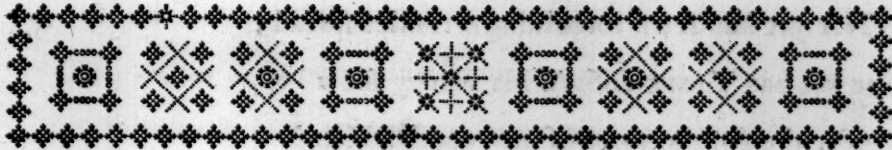
B I T A N G H O R N E

Tome e mangel

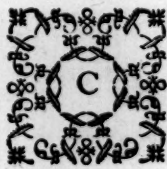
Ne font que de hautes Barres.
L'écrou pour les fers des hommes.
Mais elle en fait les douceurs.
Les fers pour que d'un Songe.

L O N D O N

Printed for H. Payne and W. Corbett, at Dyball's Head, in
Ratcliffe Row, London.



E L E G Y I.



HILDREN of FANCY, whither are ye fled?

Where have ye borne those sunny-smiling HOURS,

That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,

That once bestrew'd my vernal path with flowers?

Deign ye alone with jocund YOUTH to dwell,

With infant-innocence your joys to share?

Avoided still the student's thoughtful cell,

And left to AGE the family of CARE?

B

Ah,

Ah, not so soon ! for on my even brow
Nor yet has AGE forbidding wrinkles spread ;
Nor yet has TIME diffus'd his wintry snow
O'er the first honours of my youthful head.

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the flow wave thro' the flowery plain,
To these fond arms you led the Tyrant, LOVE,
With FEAR and HOPE and FOLLY in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
And o'er my sleep the lulling music play'd.

“ Rest, gentle youth ! while on the quivering breeze
“ Slides to thine ear this softly breathing strain ;
“ Sounds that move smoother than the steps of ease,
“ And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

“ In

- " In this fair vale eternal spring shall smile,
" And TIME unenvious crown each roseate hour ;
" Eternal joy shall every care beguile,
" Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.
- " This silver stream, that down it's crystal way
" Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
" Shall, still the same, in sunny mazes play,
" And with it's murmurs melodise thy song.
- " Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn ;
" Those living meads immortal flowers unfold ;
" In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
" And every evening close in clouds of gold.
- " The tender LOVE's that watch thy slumbering rest,
" And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles strew,
" Shall charm, thro' all approaching life, thy breast,
" With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

" Lo,

- ‘ Lo, that fair nymph, whose speaking eyes express
“ The soften’d graces of th’harmonious mind!
“ Her gentle love thy happy hours shall bless,
“ Sincere as TRUTH, and as COMPASSION kind.
- “ The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
“ Each charm of tender passion shall inspire;
“ With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
“ And feed the flame of ever-young DESIRE.
- “ Come gentle LOVES! your myrtle garlands bring;
“ The smiling bower with cluster’d roses spread;
“ Come gentle AIRS! with incense-dropping wing
“ The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.
- “ Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
“ How the notes vibrate on the fav’ring gale!
“ Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
“ And powers unseen the happy moments hail!

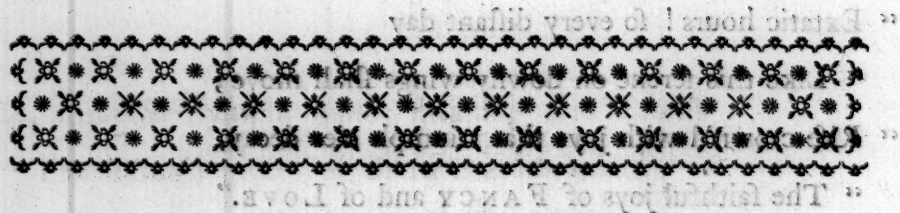
“ Extatic

" Extatic hours ! so every distant day
 " Like this serene on downy wings shall move ;
 " Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
 " The faithful joys of FANCY and of LOVE."

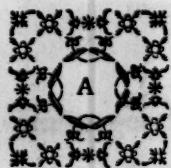


C

ELEGY



E L E G Y II.



AND were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung?

Children of FANCY! yes, your song was vain;

On each soft air though rapt ATTENTION hung,

And SILENCE listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,

And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,

Though now the visionary scenes appear

Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror

Mirror of life ! the glories thus depart

Of all that YOUTH and LOVE and FANCY frame,

When painful ANGUISH speeds the piercing dart,

Or ENVY blasts the blooming flowers of FAME.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,

The prophets of FORTUNE, false and vain,

To scenes where PEACE in RUIN's arms expires

Fallacious HOPE deludes her hapless train.

Go, Syren, go - - - thy charms on others try;

My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore :

Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie ;

And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come gentle QUIET ! long-neglected maid !

O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell ;

There unregarded in the peaceful shade,

With calm REPOSE and SILENCE let me dwell.

Come

Come happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,

When all the struggling passions shall subside ;

When P E A C E shall clasp me to her plummy breast,

And smoothe my filent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,

Whom never cares or passions discompose,

O blest INSENSIBILITY be nigh,

And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,

And all the fond anxieties of fame ;

Alike regardless in the arms of P E A C E,

If these extol, or those debase a name.

In L Y T T E L T O N though all the muses praise,

His generous praise shall then delight no more,

Nor the sweet magick of his tender lays

Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor

Nor then, tho' MALICE, with insidious guile
Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, tho' ENVY broach her blackening lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

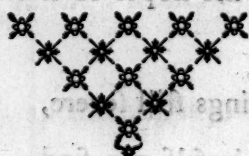
O state to be desir'd! when hostile rage
Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark DESIGN invades the chearful hour,
And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
It's cares, it's wishes, and it's thoughts to pour,
Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

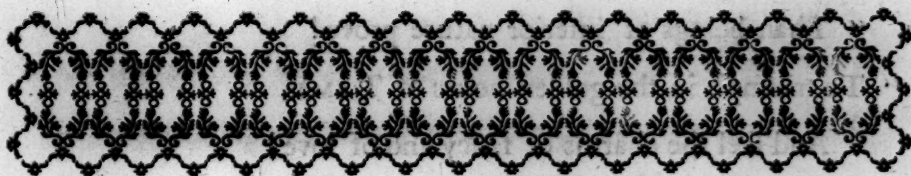
Vain man, to other's failings still severe,
Yet not one foible in himself can find;
Another's faults to FOLLY's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en WISDOM's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,
 This fordid malice, and inglorious strife,
 Myself the subject of my censure be,
 And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, PHILOSOPHY, still let me dwell,
 My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
 Bring PEACE, bring QUIET to my humble cell,
 And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.



ELEGY



E L E G Y III.



R I G H T o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
The wood-lark's song resounded on the plain ;
Fair N A T U R E felt the warm embrace of day,
And smil'd thro' all her animated reign.

When young D E L I G H T, of H O P E and F A N C Y born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain design'd.

“ O born :

“ O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime

“ Than beings of inferior nature prove !

“ To triumph in the golden hours of TIME,

“ And feel the charms of fancy and of love !

“ High-favour'd man ! for him unfolding fair

“ In orient light this native landscape smiles ;

“ For him sweet HOPE disarms the hand of care,

“ Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

“ Blows not a blossom on the breast of SPRING,

“ Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,

“ Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,

“ But fragrance, health and melody succeed.

“ O let me still with simple NATURE live,

“ My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,

“ Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,

“ And calmly waste my inoffensive day !

“ No

" No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,

" No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;

" So HEALTH and PEACE be near my humble home,

" A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.

" So may the sweet EUTERPE not disdain

" At Eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;

" The muse of pity wake her soothing strain,

" And tune to sympathy the trembling string.

" Thus glide the pensive moments, o'er the vale

" While floating shades of dusky night descend :

" Not left untold the lover's tender tale,

" Nor unenjcy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

" To love and friendship flow the social bowl!

" To attic wit and elegance of mind!

" To all the native beauties of the soul,

" The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd!

" Then to explore whatever ancient fage

" Studious from nature's early volume drew,

" To chase sweet FICTION thro' her golden age,

" And mark how fair the sun-flower, science, blew!

" Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,

" *Hesperian* fancy, or *Aonian* ease;

" Some melting note from SAPPHO's tender lyre,

" Some strain that LOVE and PHOEBUS taught to please.

" When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,

" Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous ray;

" Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,

" And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.

" Nor seldom, loitering as I muse along,

" Mark from what flower the breeze it's sweetness bore;

" Or listen to the labour-soothing song

" Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

" Slow

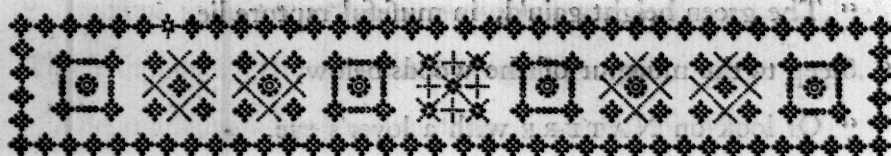
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" Slow let me climb the mountain's fun-trod brow,
" The green height gain'd, in museful rapture lie,
" Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
" Or look on NATURE with a lover's eye.

" Delightful hours ! O, thus for ever flow ;
" Led by fair FANCY round the varied year :
" So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
" Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

" Firm be my heart to NATURE and to TRUTH,
" Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage ;
" So JOY shall triumph on the brows of youth,
" So HOPE shall smoothe the dreary paths of age.

ELEGY



E L E G Y IV.



H! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay!

Fond hopes, of INNOCENCE and FANCY born!

For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,

For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread

By flattering HOPE, the flowers that blew so fair,

Like the gay gardens of ARMIDA fled,

And vanish'd from the powerful rod of CARE.

So

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to *Loretto's* shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
And *Sharon's* roses all his passage strew :
So FANCY dreams ; but FANCY's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel fabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient light,
Where HOPE and JOY and FANCY hold their reign,
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright,
The blythe hours dancing round *Hyperion's* wain.

In radiant colours **YOUTH**'s free hand pourtrays,

Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;

Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,

Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence **FANCY** conquer'd by the dart of **PAIN**,

And wandering far from her *Platonic* shade,

Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,

Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,

The fairy race that fill'd her festive train;

JOY tears his wreath, and **HOPE** inverts her eye,

And **FOLLY** wonders that her dream was vain.

F I N I S.



The following Pieces lately published, and written by
J. LANGHORNE, may be had of H. PAYNE and
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